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Children's Thoughts in Song And Story

By-

Louise Dumaresque Blake.

Illustrated on stone

By

Wilson de Meza.

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To

My little cousin Anne

This book

Is affectionately inscribed

by the Author.

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The Echo.

I wonder what she's listening for, with such eager eyes,
She calls "Good Day, Echo, Good Day," then, is it from the skies,
Or from the woods, or splashing brook, or meadow? she can't tell,
But an answer comes from somewhere, and she hears it well.

She laughs, and cries "where are you, I want so much to know,"
But the curious thing laughs too, and then, only answers "No"
While Baby stares and wonders, with astonished eyes of blue,
"Where does it come from, tell me" I can't tell, can you?

The Picture Book

Come here Children, come and look,
For Sister has bought a new Picture Book.
"Will she read it"? Yes, if you are still
And ask her politely, I'm sure that she will.

What's on the first page? look and see.
Why a picture of Sister, smiling at me.

And daisies nodding up and down
Three for the belt of her dainty gown,
Three for her hand so white and fair
And three to hide in her golden hair.

W. de MEZA

The Disconsolate Lover.

My heart is broken, don't you see
My little love so dear to me,
The maid in "terra cotta" gown,
With big soft eyes of golden brown,
Has left me for another! She
Little knows what she's to me.

My heart is broken, but I see,
Her sister strolling towards me,
A gray eyed girl in peacock blue;
If you were I, what would you do?
I'll join her in her stroll,— may be
She'll help to mend my heart for me.

The Meeting.

"A sheet of ice is very nice,"
Quoth little Sammie Slater,
"A sit down fall is not at all,"
Quoth he a little later.

"A maiden neat is very sweet,
But-too sudden was our meeting;
It tore my clothes, and I suppose,
That means a coming beating."

A Pleasant Interruption.

They wished to cross the brook, and stood, with anxious look
At the foaming, splashing water,
Where we fished with crooked pins,
Two timid tiny girls, with dark, and golden curls
And big, white feathered bonnets,
Tied beneath their chins.

One wore a yellow rose, the other pale blue bows,
I looked at Bob a moment,
And Bobbie looked at me.
We made a graceful bow, (the picture shows you how,)
Then helped them over safely,
On a great thick, fallen tree.

They did not wet their feet, and they smiled and looked so sweet,
While they thanked us both most kindly,
And wished us a "Good Day".
Bob watched the yellow rose, as it vanished,—I the bows,
We sighed two little minutes,
Then we gaily fished away.

WHIRR!

Grasshoppers hopping and jumping away,
In the bright sunshine, and the new cut hay.

I sat me down with this book, at my ease,
When, without an "Excuse me, or If you please",

Right on this page there skipped, as you see,
With a "whirr" I acknowledge which startled me!

A Picture Gallery.

Jabez, Keziah and Samuel,
Prudence, Hiram and Mehitabel
Look at them stare from their frames on the wall,
Stand on your toes, if you're not very tall
This is the way that, long ago,
These great-grand parents looked, you know.
Perhaps some day, and who can tell?
Our great grandchildren will say, "Well,
In eighteen hundred and eighty three,
What curious things they wore, just see!"

THE BUTTER-FLIES.

Big yellow butter-flies, fluttering in the air,
Settling on the clover pink, and swinging lightly there,

Flitting in the sunshine all the bright warm day
What becomes of you at night, do you fly away?

Do you fold your golden wings and dream among the flowers,
That 'tis morning all the time with its sunny hours?

VISITING.

I'm making a call on my great-great-aunt,
I wish I had not come.
I'm a little shy, and I don't see why,
But — I'd rather be at home.
She's begged me to stay, and spend the day,
So now we're drinking tea;
With the tea pot and jar that came from afar,
From somewhere across the sea,
And the curious screen with its figures green,
And the spindle legged table. — dear me,
Such a high Art oak seat, I must dangle my feet,
For they won't reach the floor, you see,
But, I pretend, if you please, that I'm quite at my ease,
And as cozy as I can be

In A Hammock.

To and fro., to and fro
Dreamily, sleepily, swinging slow.
Birds in the branches chirp lullabies,
And sweet little dreams are closing our eyes.
To and fro, to and fro,
While breezes are whispering soft and low.

The Calf and I.

Mollie and Millie and May and me,
Mollie's six, I'm most five, and May only three,
But Millie's most nine, we were walking one day,
Through the fields, and so fast did we chatter away,
That when, of a sudden, we met a big calf,
Millie, although she is eight and a half,
She ran just as hard as she could, for the gate
With Mollie and May, and left me to my fate.

But I stood and waited, I felt very small,
I looked at the calf and he was pretty tall,
I was scared and prelended I wasn't, at all,
I shook my sun bonnet—he trotted away,
Then I proudly joined Millie and Mollie and May.
(Looking over my shoulder but twice on the way.)
With a great deal of pride, I then said with a laugh,
"I am really surprised you're afraid of one calf!"

The Boy and the Jam.

Grandmother's pantry was open. Oh, dear,
He knew well he shouldn't go in there, I fear.

Grandmother's cake box was full of plum cake,
And oh, what fine tarts, and sweet jam she could make!

Grandmothers grandson looked
in at the door
And, from grandmother's arm chair,
there came a faint snore.

A half hour later, or longer,
may be,
Look at the picture and what
do you see?

Her very kind face is now
stern and severe,
And down each of his cheeks,
steals a big sticky tear.

COURTSHIP.

"Little maiden, tell me, do,
Why your kerchiefs sad sage hue,
And why these curious figures on
your clinging gown of red?"

"Kind Sir, I live alone
for art,
Of which all this, you
see, is part"
And blushing 'neath
her peacock fan, she hung
her little head.

Nay, why not give to me your heart?
Why not love me, and not high art?
She whispered that she would, and so,
she lives for him instead.

Sulky Betty.

Betty said she couldn't,
And she wouldn't, and she shouldn't,
"Go away and leave me" with her sulky eyes cast down,
So they gave her, her own way,
And left her, all the day
She sat beside a hay-stack with a horrid little frown.

An inquisitive old horse,
Stretched his head across,
And gazed at her, behind the fence, sitting by the hay.
A speckled hen came by,
And "clucked" to see her cry,
And strutted past the naughty child, quickly on her way.

A cross red cow said "Moo,"
Some Katydids stared too,
And a sheep came up, and looked at her in silent, meek surprise
Till she blushed with shame quite red,
"I'll be good again" she said,
Then ran to find her playmates with bright, dry, smiling eyes.

The Clock.

Tickety Tock, repeats the Clock
First it's a "tick" and then it's a "tock"
Sixty seconds every minute.
Plenty of time to be good in it.
Sixty minutes fly away in every hour, every day.
Every hour is made to be good in.
Every day to do as you should in.

A WINTER WALK.

The snow can come down, with its
flakes soft and bright,
And cover the world with a mantle
of white,
For, with tippet and mittens, and
leggins and muff,
Don't you think that this baby
is wrapped up enough?

East Wind, and North Wind, blow
away, blow,
You'll but redden her cheeks with
a warm rosy glow
For she's all but her eyes hidden
deep in a fluff
Of fur and of swans down—she's
cozy enough.

Fair Exchange.

"I'm ashamed of you, Lawrence."
Gravely says Florence,
"To be cutting up such a caper,
He's not fast asleep,
I know he can peep
From under his big newspaper."

"Oh, yes, hear him snore,
As he just feels the straw,
It's fine fun I tell you, Florence!"
But Grandpa awoke,
Ah, a thick stick's no joke,
A stick for a straw, for Lawrence!

The Mud-Puddle

Tumble, splash! Oh what a pity!
See what has befallen Kittie,
Cousin Kate called her to fetch up her knitting,
From out of the window, where she was sitting.
She ran too fast - such a girl for running!
She now must sit sadly, her pinafore sunning

Cross-stitch.

She was working in her wicker chair,
Industrious, demure and fair.
I whispered, "Come and play with me";
She but counted stitches "One, two, three."

"You are the sweetest girl I know."
She answered, when I told her so,
"I'm busy now, four, five, six, seven,
Please go away. Nine, ten, eleven!"

The tidy's done, but I have gone
And she is sitting all alone,
Perhaps she thinks "I wish I'd said
"I'll play with pleasure, Jack" instead.

Going out to Tea.

See pretty Fannie and little miss Annie,
Going to a party, with their best frocks on,
While Reginald and Teddy are waiting too, all ready;
All four seem quite impatient, till its time to be gone.

What a strange big Chinese fan has laughing little Nan,
And shining silver buckles on her tiny dancing feet
See the lovely posies, of fine, deep crimson roses,
Two bright bouquets, almost as fair as these two girls so sweet.

Im sure that at the Tea you will not chance to see
A more dainty little couple, or a neater very soon,
Now Reginald and Teddy you must both be glad and ready,
To help them to enjoy themselves this pleasant afternoon.

And while they are there take the very greatest care,
For a man should wait on ladies and his sisters first of all,
That they do not stay too late; they must leave for home at eight,
And that they wear their mantles, when the dew begins to fall.

A Cross Sister.

Jacky Jack, go back, go back,
You really cannot go
(He's such a tease, he
Makes me
uneasy.)
Why will you
follow me
so?

The sun is hot, and I told you not
To come, you are too small.
Such a bother,
A little brother,
Who doesn't mind at all!

HARD TIMES.

Seven shivering Tomtits huddling close together,
With snow flakes falling thickly on every ruffled feather,
"Cluck, cluck, but tis chilly in this wintry weather!"

Though Springtime comes soon, and sunshiny June,
We always will remember
The wind whistling by, and the dreary gray sky
Of this bleak December.
A morning so rough, I'm sure is enough
To try a Tomtits temper.

In the Studio.

Guy has gone out, for a while, from his Studio,
Gladys and Bessie peep in at the door;
A queer strange place with its plates and paintings,
And shaggy fur rugs on its shining floor.

Oh what bright colors in lumps on his palette!
Soon Brother Guy had much better come back,
He'll find two busy, bedaubed little sisters,
Adorning a jar and his best "Crackly" placque.

Conscientious Dorothy.

She was tripping along on her way to the town,
In a fine ruffled apron, and smart snowy gown.
"Pretty Miss Dorothy, why haste away?
Cannot you stop and join in our play?"

She looked from the road, and she watched them awhile.
"Oh, no, I must not" she replied, with a smile,
"But when you come back, on your way from the town,
Wont you play? you can tightly tuck up your white gown."

"No, mother will want her new bonnet to see,
Which I am to buy, and must bring carefully.
Thank you most kindly – To-morrow I'll play,
But I'm too busy now, for I'm shopping to-day."

MOON-RISE.

I went out on the hill-side to see the full moon rise,
And when it shone above the crest, I scarce believed my eyes,
Two men there were within it, all in it's circle wide,
Two little men, a puppy, and a little girl beside.

Digging.

I saw, by the sea, on the sand near me,
An enterprising miner,
With a shovel of wood, as fast as she could,
Digging her way to China!

They'll exclaim, the Chinese, at those sunburnt knees,
And the flapping Leghorn bonnet,
"Th' other side of the earth must be little worth
If they grow such things upon it"!

And the babies will blink with their queer eyes, and think
"We surely look much finer,
In our spotted silks neat, and our tiny feet,
Here, at home in China".

She worked away, that long hot day,
Till the big deep hole grew bigger,
Till the day was done, she shovelled on,
Like a persevering digger.

The Pug and the Pollies.

Two tiny bright eyed Parokeets,
Each in a golden ring,
A China Pug, on the Turkish rug
Staring saucily as they swing.

Two angry, screaming Parokeets,
A sharp suspicious crack!
A tumble I hear, something broken I fear,
And then such a scrambling back!

But only two motionless Parokeets,
When I run to take a peep
Little innocent things, with their
heads in their wings,
Swinging, quite fast asleep!

The Ancient Turtle.

An old scholar one day chanced to see
A curious mud turtle, and he
This learned old sage,
Exclaimed "What an age!
Why its marked Sixteen Hundred and Three!"

"I have read," he went on,
That these creatures live long,
But this instance surprises een me;"
(From the fence grins bad Jack,
Who's just cut on it's back
That date-Sixteen Hundred and Three!)

A Great Blow.

As I was coming from the city,
In my new breeches, (oh, the pity!)
In my lace ruffles (oh too bad!)
And the best powdered wig that I ever had,
It began to blow as I left the town,
It blew me up, and it blew me down.
It blew me half a mile about,
And turned my umbrella inside out.
It blew me on, and it blew so fast,
That it blew me into a ditch at last
Alas! when again I go visit the city,
T'will be in plain homespun-more is the pity!

Ingratitude

Oh dear me big bumble
bee
Look at the place you've
stung me, see!
It isn't the pain I care for,
you know
But only to think you should
treat me so.

You've sipped your honey
from my rose,
Now I'll tell her to make
her buds all close.
You need'nt buzz and hum
around me,
You're a horrid, ungrateful
bumble bee!

On The Stile.

I've set out to search for a fresh four leaf clover,
I've looked this whole acre, twice over and over.
Now I've come to the stile, and been sitting on top,
For such a long while, and am likely to stop,
For I fear if I jump, I may land on some bees,
And get a bad bump, besides stinging my knees.

In Wading.

Three little sisters paddling in the sea,
Three little petticoats pinned carefully,
To keep from the water each fresh white gown,
But six big blue eyes are bent eagerly down
To see the strange star-fish Ethel has spied,
Ah, I think 'tis unkind of the incoming tide,
But it slily creeps higher with scarcely a sound,
Quick little girls why don't you look round?
Three hasty scampers away from the sea,
Three soaked little petticoats, pinned carefully!
While the mischievous wave, as it plays on the shore,
Is whispering the joke, and repeating it o'er,
Till each dancing ripple is laughing to see
Three amazed little girls wringing out dolefully
Their poor dripping petticoats. Stay in the sun,
And dry them up well with a skip and a run.

The Letter.

Don't bother me now, won't you
please go away?
I must write a letter, and send
it to day.
'T'is such very hard work to be
writing a letter!
But mother says "Keep on, and
learn to do better."

"Dot all your I's," says kind
sister Belle,
"Cross all your T's and think
how to spell.
Hold your pen nicely, and keep
the lines straight."
(Don't believe she could do it,
when she was just eight.)

Father, I know, will be pleased to have this,
I'll put in my love, and a very big kiss.
I'm sure he'll not mind all the blots in my letter,
Because he will know that I tried to do better.

At Sea.

We're off, we're afloat, in our jolly little boat
On the sea!
We are bound far far away, quite across the Bay
Just we three.

With umbrellas for our sails, we will weather any gale,
Without fear.
See how fast we go, while Dick and Dollie row,
And I steer.

We pretend, as you see, we're not tied to that tree,
But, oh, dear,
Here comes nurse in a sad fright, "never mind the boats tied tight
We're all here!"

A Barrow full of Flowers.

Wheelbarrow, wheelbarrow where shall we go?
Up the broad path where the ripe currants grow,
Or, down in the orchard to look for a pear?
I'm afraid I'm too little to trundle you there.

Let's go to the meadow, and bring home some posies
Of daisies and clover, and lovely wild roses,
To fill mother's vase, and for Auntie to wear,
Among the soft braids of her pretty brown hair.

The Shower

Scurry, Scurry,
Such a hurry,
It's going to rain!
Come down the lane."
"Will it last?
It's falling fast.
Quickly, Bella,
The umbrella,
"Oh my bonnet,
Big drops on it!
"My pink dress
Is spoiled, I guess.
Tom, your Jacket!
Hurry back, it
It is your best,
And run fast, lest
You spot your best!"
"This the way?"
"Oh, no I say,
A shorter cut
Is better,—"
"But,
No matter how
We get home now,
So that we do.
"Are you wet through?
Why it's most past,
Stopping at last—"
"Yes, there's the Sun
The shower's done!"

An Encounter.

Hiss, Growl, Spit, Bark!
"What's the matter, only hark!"
What the matter is, may be,
Come this way, and you will see.

Debbies Cat and kittens fine
Were after her, all in a line,
When Kenneths dog, with puppies four,
Met them by the stable door.
"Is that all?"
Why it seems to me,
It's more than enough to hear and see!

SLOW SALLY.

"Dilly, Dilly, Dally," Cry the boys
"Fie, Sally."
You always are behind hand, like the
big clock on the tower.
If you once were set ahead, just ten
minutes, so they said,
"Perhaps you'd reach the schoolhouse,
somewhere near the hour:
If your mother sent you Monday for
the "Herald" of the day,
They'd have the news by Thursday, un-
-less you stopped to play.
In a race of snails and Sally, you're
such a dilly, dally,
We'd wager all we each possess, they
would lead the way."

The Charming Little Maid

She was sitting in
the shade,
Such a charming
little maid,
Beneath a big umbrella, stretched
above her wide.
It was far too big
for one,
And its sad to be
alone,
So I bashfully requested that I
might sit by her side.

"Yes, with pleasure, sir,"
she said,
As her cheeks grew
rosy red,
And she drew her flowered gown
away to let me take my place,
"We can chat and talk
together,
And remark upon the
weather,"
I stammered, and quite lost my
heart to such delightful grace.

The Sea-Gull.

Big white gull, as you sail by,
Why do you give such a mournful cry?
Are you looking for something you've lost, or why?

Isn't it nice to fly up there,
In the clear blue sky and the salt sea air,
And to dip in the waves, oh how do you dare?

Don't you grow tired of flying all day,
Of going so high, and so far, far away?
And where is your nest, where you little ones stay?

I think I should like a white sea gull to be,
To skim in the foam on the top of the sea,
I wonder if you would change places with me.

Around the Piano.

Before it is quite their bed time, before the stars grow bright,
Before the children grow sleepy, in the flickering fire light,

With baby nestling against her, mother sings in the twilight gloom,
And sweetly her voices music steals through the shadowy room.

Telling of poor Miss Muffet, and little Jack and Jill,
Who met with such a tumble, coming down the hill;

Of gentle simple Simon, of Pussie in the well;
And little Baby Bunting, when his cradle fell;

Of quaint old Goody Two Shoes, and Mistress Mary fair,
Of dainty little Curly Locks, with her shining hair.

Till in the growing darkness, nods each sleepy head,
Then mother softly rises to tuck them up in bed.

Bed Time.

The twins didn't want to go early to bed,
They were sure they weren't sleepy a bit, so they said,
And each one shook wisely his bright curly head.
I told them of beautiful dreams that, at night,
Came to good little children and how the white light
Of the wonderful Morn would fall streaming down bright.

On their two little cribs, while I hummed lullabies,
About stars looking down to keep watch, from the skies.
So the round moon gazed soon on four sleepy shut eyes.

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